times the latter did balk and the price was repudiated.

"'Oh,' he'd say, 'we can't give any such rates for a circus—that's transient advertising, you know—and the transient rate is always higher.'

"And a long, hot argument would ensue, usually ending in a compromise.

"In many instances, however, the newspaper man, appreciating the humor of the situation—and for other reasons—would, as he expressed it, 'take his medicine,' and accept the business at the figure he had quoted. After that the argument was as to the amount of free notices that would be printed for 'comps.'

"There was another type of press agent a few years ago who, while disdaining any subterfuge in regard to the character of his business, entered the country newspaper office with a roar that brought everything in the shop to a standstill. This was the press agent who talked loudly of 'my show,' and who depended on noise and profanity of a boisterous and sometimes picturesque variety to force down the newspaper man's rates. And sometimes he succeeded.

"FORTUNATELY for the credit of a great business this species of press agent has practically disappeared, while the up-to-date newspaper is now conducted on such sensible business principles that even the old-time agent, with his prayer meeting expression and his pretensions to innocence is no longer considered a necessity by the astute circus manager. Real newspapers now have fixed rates, and the placing of newspaper advertising has almost ceased to be a struggle between the press agent and the advertising manager to change the published schedule.

"Although, in the old days, I had many a battle royal with my newspaper friends on the question of rates, it was seldom that we failed to come to terms. The reason was obvious. The show wanted the ad., and so did the newspaper. In all my experience I never knew but one man who discouraged a contract because he did not believe his paper would benefit the circus.

"It was at Woonsocket, R. I. The paper was run—and may still be run—by a man who was also a magistrate. It was a hot day; I had been hustling to get through the town, and seeing a large, comfortable and inviting leather chair, I dropped into it with a sigh of satisfaction.

"An elderly, rather uncompromising-visaged man, apparently the editor, looked up. There was a frown on his face.

"'Young man,' he said, and voice was a long way from being affable, 'get out of that chair! What right have you to sit in that chair?'

"I got up. I was surprised and speechless.

"'Young man,' continued the editor, 'don't you know I never permit any one to sit in my official chair?'

"'Your official chair?' I stammered.

"'Yes, sir—yes sir,—don't you know that I am a magistrate, and that I never permit that chair to be used for anything but my official duties?'

"As meekly as I could, I apologized. This mollified him, and he said:

"'I suppose you came up here on business. What do you want?'

"'I hadn't the courage to try any harmless subterfuges on this martinet, and I replied:

"I came up here to see about getting an ad. in your paper.'

"'An ad? Humph—what kind of an ad?'

"'A display ad.'

"'What for?'

"'A circus?'

"'What circus?'

"I told him.

"'Humph! What kind of an ad. do you want?'

"'Oh, a couple of columns.'

"He turned around sharply in his revolving chair and carefully scrutinized me.

"'Are you quite sure that you want an ad. in my paper?' he asked.

"'Why certainly,' I faltered. The conversation was taking a turn that puzzled me. Mentally I saw the advertising rates soaring sky high.

"'And you've given the matter calm and judicial consideration?'

"Mentally the rates went a little higher.

"'Of course,' I said, hesitatingly.

"'And you want about two columns?'

"This time the rate doubled and trebled.

"'Y-e-s.'

"'Well, young man,' and on his face was the expression of a Solomon; 'let me tell you something. My paper wouldn't do you and your circus a cent's worth of good.'

"'What kind of a new trick is this to boost rates?' I wondered, but I said:

"'What do you mean?'

"'Simply, that the circulation of my paper is scattered all over the United States, and it hasn't enough readers in this town to wad a shotgun. I couldn't honestly take your advertising.'

"I looked at the editor-magistrate in astonishment. This was a new experience. Slowly I put on my hat and removed it again.

"'I take off my hat to you, colonel,' I said; 'you're the first man, in all my experience, who ever refused a circus ad—from me.'

"I went out of that print shop with a new line of thought. An hour or two later I met the mayor of the city.

"'What kind of a man is the editor of the Blank?' I asked.

"The mayor smiled.

"'Oh, he's all right—but—'

"'But what?'

"'Well, the truth of the matter is, he's too confounded honest for his own good.'

"That was one man's point of view. Personally I couldn't forget the editor-magistrate, and I sent him a half-dozen circus tickets for himself and 'family.' In a couple of days four of them came back.

"'Sorry,' he wrote, 'but I can only use two of your tickets. That is the size of my family.'

"And then and there I mentally took off my hat to him again.

"On the other hand, peculiar appeals are frequently made to a circus press agent to induce him to advertise his attraction in a specific medium. Some years ago I was with a circus that was 'making' several 'stands' in Indiana. In Terre Haute a forwarded letter was handed me by the clerk in the postoffice general delivery window. It was from a country newspaper editor in a little town near Richmond, where the show was billed to exhibit in a few days. In substance the letter said:

"Would like to have your advertisement for the circus. Sure my paper would bring a lot of people to your show in Richmond. Paper has a very large circulation in a locality that you ought to draw from. Incidentally, I might add that I am the pastor of the Union church at this place.

"'I can't spend any money with you,' I wrote back, 'but take pleasure in enclosing you a couple of seats for the show, with a small notice of the performance to be given at Richmond. Please run same in next issue of your paper, and also kindly make announcement of circus from your pulpit next Sunday morning.'

"The reply was almost sad.

"'Am regretfully returning tickets,' wrote the preacher-editor. 'Will run your notice in my paper without charge, but can't accept tickets for pulpit announcement. My paper doesn't pay well enough to warrant me in risking my job as preacher.'

"The press agent ahead of a circus comes in contact with many peculiar ideas. Strange to say, even otherwise well-informed men frequently have surprising impressions in regard to circuses and circus people. The big circuses, by the payment of high salaries, command the services of men of exceptional ability for their press departments, and yet the old idea that for some reason the circus profession is a degraded and degrading one still prevails, and many a man, otherwise broad-guaged and liberal, will hesitate to introduce a member of his family to a circus agent.

"Another still widely disseminated idea is that the sexes in the circus dressing tent are not segregated as strictly as convention demands; and yet, as a matter of fact, there is no place in the world that I know of where the rules are more stringent or where a high order or morals is more rigidly demanded.

"STILL another current idea, which is especially prevalent in the smaller cities, is that the circus is divided, and that different sections of it exhibit in widely separated towns on the same date. Any statement on this line is manifestly untrue and even absurd. It would be impossible for shows to divide in this way. And yet every press agent is repeatedly asked if the 'whole show is coming.' Probably the circus men have themselves been responsible for the growth of this idea by advertising, 'The circus that never disappoints—that never divides.' But this is purely a bit of buncombe, to create by inference the idea that other shows divide, but that this particular show is too honest to resort to such a trick or subterfuge.

"Probably the most amusing and even astonishing idea that prevails in many sections of the country is the belief that the circus always brings rain. In New Orleans this belief is a tradition. Several years ago I returned to that city, after having 'made' the papers in advance, in order to settle up with the show at the end of the season. It was a bright, beautiful fall morning—the air was just a little crisp, and there was nothing, either in the atmosphere or the appearance of the sky, to indicate rain. I was, therefore, considerably amused when I heard a man near me say to a companion:

"'Thank heaven, the circus is here at last!'

"My curiosity got the better of me, and sidling up to the speaker, I asked:

"'Pardon me, but why are you so pleased at the arrival of the circus?'

"'Because,' he answered, without hesitation, 'the circus always brings rain, and we've had such a drouth that I've been paying ten cents a gallon for water for the past three months.'

"I grinned rather maliciously. I couldn't help it.

"'The prospects for rain at this moment aren't particularly good,' I said.

"The New Orleans man smiled good-naturedly.

"'Don't worry,' he said; 'we'll get the rain before night.'

"And we did—one of the hardest rains I ever saw, even in the southern country."

A TOUCH OF INDIA'S SUN

(Continued from page 4)

to the supreme elation of her life. She smiled into the colonel's gray face as she had never smiled before, and held out both hands to him. 'I have glorious news for you,' she said in a voice of complete forgiveness. 'Edward Walsingham did not die as we all believed, but is now well on his way toward recovery. He understands perfectly the cause of his terrible accident. I, too, understand, beyond the possibility of doubt. It was a touch of sun. You must never, in all your future life, blame yourself for the frightful hallucination that has given us all so much anxiety and sorrow, for no man can be held responsible for the freaks of heat-madness, you know.'

"Suddenly the colonel began to breathe very hard for it had come to him with an almost unbearable shock of relief, that she intended to shield him from the world's devastating contempt. Jean Arden turned to me and gave me a long, compelling look in which there was both austerity and unspeakable sweetness. 'You will promise, will you not, Paran,' said she, 'never to speak of what you saw that awful day, to any one, at any time? For it would distress the sick sahib and myself exceedingly to afford the colonel's enemies a chance to spread abroad unjust and hurtful rumors concerning him. We who respect him so very highly know absolutely that he was not responsible for that brief madness. Twice before he was smitten with sun-stroke, and each time he was rendered briefly unaccountable. You will grant my wish?'

"Who could withstand such an appeal, sahib? I gave my promise of silence while the colonel waited with hushed breath, and when I had spoken she turned again to her lover's enemy with a look of solemn gentleness that had in it something of maternal pity. 'As God lives,' she said very earnestly,' there is nothing in my heart for you but good will.' And that, sahib, was the last speech the colonel ever heard from her lips.

"Yes, he went away to the wars at once. We heard of him often and always in praise, for he mounted steadily higher and higher and at last came the generalship, whereupon his mother's pride knew no bounds. She forgot all her past hardships and held her head like a queen as she rode forth in her carriage, little and gray and majestic, receiving the soldier's salutations as her due. But soon, very soon, came the bitter news of the son's death in a glorious moment of victory such as few men achieve. They gave him a grand funeral, with many flags and flowers and drums, and through it all his mother stood beside his bier like a soldier, tearless even in death, so you see, sahib, her love was not so great as her pride. Yet it must have been love that humbled her pride sufficiently to force her to seek out Jean Arden, who was then Walsingham Sahib's wife. When the funeral was over the old mem-sahib came to our door in the purple dusk, and called for my master's wife, for she would not cross her threshold, nor would she touch the hand that my mem-sahib offered her in purest sympathy.

"'I have brought you a message of the dead,' the old bereaved mother said in a cold, tearless voice. 'Once, in a moment of peril, my son desired that you should be told of a strange belief of his—that to you he owed the best of all that ever came to him. I am an old woman and I do not understand, but I have kept my promise.' And then she went away silently, in her dress of woe, and we saw her no more.

"See, sahib, the cortege comes! They have draped her hearse with flags because she served her country so well at a time when other women shuddered at home. A brave woman? Yes, sahib, very brave, but hard of heart for all that. Yonder is the carriage of my master, who is now first lieutenant of the Punjab regulars—the fourth in line from the hearse. Yes, that is his wife beside him. What a memory the sahib has for faces, to recall that of a lady seen but once before! No, she has not changed since the day of her marriage almost nine years ago, for she has nothing to wish for but length of days wherein to drain her brimming cup of happiness to its nectared dregs."